

Pam  
Biography

Long

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The Story  
of the Last Days  
of  
Dr. Albert L. Long



## Sailing Homeward

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(Lines to the Rev. Albert L. Long, D.D., who is returning to America after forty-four years of unselfish and distinguished services in the East.)

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Wise with the wisdom of the West,  
And mellow with the Eastern lore,  
Young with the young heart in thy breast,  
Sail safely to thy native shore.

Sail over placid seas, O friend !  
The tide of love alone runs high,  
And only steadfast stars attend  
The happy chart thou sailest by.

Sail with Hope's pinions at the mast ;  
Thy kindly heart, thy storied mind  
That holds the treasures of the past,  
Sure haven of content will find.

And when again thy feet would tread  
This city by the marble sea,  
Before, behind, are arms outspread—  
Two hemispheres would welcome thee.

Then while the sunsets glorious rest  
In promise on Sophia's dome,  
With buoyant heart sail east or west—  
God speed thee—either way is home !

—*Mary A. Mason*

Constantinople, July 8, 1901.

**E**PPROPRIATE as were these beautiful lines when they were handed to Dr. Long as he embarked on the Mediterranean steamer, to those friends who first read them in the Sunday School Times after the news of his sudden death in Liverpool, they seemed no less fitting and true. Not to the fair city by the marble sea, nor to his desired haven in the Western Hemisphere was he brought, but to the celestial country, the home of God's elect.

The health of Dr. Long had been gradually failing for the past two years, and in March last he was induced to ask for a year's leave of absence from his duties in Robert College, meaning to rest in America. He was able though with difficulty to perform his work to the last, his labors being lightened as much as possible by the kindness of his colleagues.

There had been a steady failure in his strength during the latter half of the year, but at its close there came a sudden and marked change for the worse. Although in his weakened state so long a journey as that to America seemed to his family a hazardous undertaking, yet he was himself eager for it, and so little was his true condition realized that on July 8 the trip homeward was begun.

He was able occasionally during the first two weeks to lie upon the deck of the steamer; but as the days went on his disease made such inroads that it was doubtful whether he could endure till England was reached. When America was spoken of and plans were suggested for the life there, he always responded, "Wait till we reach Liverpool"; or, "Never mind; let us get to Liverpool." A torpor seemed to lie upon his faculties, so that he was unable to read the loving notes that friends had sent him, except on the two Sundays spent at sea, when he brightened marvelously and read these tributes with grateful appreciation, and talked with his family quite naturally. His frequent expression was, "I am so thankful—my heart is filled with gratitude."

Upon landing in Liverpool on July 26, he was taken at once to the Royal Infirmary, where most skillful medical attention and tender nursing were given him until, on the morning of Sunday, July 28, death released him from his suffering. He was unconscious for the most part, and though his pain at times was extreme, he finally passed away in peaceful slumber.

The funeral service was read in the little chapel connected with St. James' cemetery, and the body was laid to rest in that quiet spot. The little group of mourners, pathetically small, consisted of the two daughters and Mr. Edwin Pears of Constantinople, one of Dr. Long's dearest friends, and his daughter. To lay him in English soil did not seem to his family like burying him in alien ground; he had many English friends and loved England; it also to him was "home."

To us, his friends, this cutting off, so little anticipated, seems an untimely end; to him, perhaps, it may have come as a welcome release. He repeatedly expressed the wish that he might be spared an old age of weakness, and be permitted to lay down his life with his work. And yet he was resigned to the will of God whatever the coming years might hold. In a recent letter he said, speaking of the future: "I have been troubled over the matter, but the Lord has delivered me from that care in a great measure. I feel that I can 'praise Him for all that is past and trust Him for all that's to come.'"

The following inscription will be placed upon the stone to mark his grave:

*"The Pilgrim they laid in a large upper chamber facing the sun rising. The name of the chamber was Peace." — Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress.*

*"Remembered for what you have done."*

An incident that occurred on the day of Dr. Long's death led to the selection of the last line. As Mr. Pears left the hotel at which Dr. Long's family were staying, he heard singing in the street. A blind woman stood the center of a crowd, singing in a voice unusually sweet and plaintive Bonar's well known hymn, the bystanders joining in the chorus. The life that had just closed, and the circumstances under which it had gone out made the song strangely touching and impressive. The whole poem indeed is strongly suggestive of what Dr. Long would have felt had he been aware of his condition and foreseen the end. Solitary as is his grave, neither by the side of his two children resting by the Bosphorus, nor with his kindred over the sea; lonely as the last service unattended by the many mourners of many races whose tears have since flowed for him; nevertheless, had

he known all, he would have laid himself down in peace and slept, content to drop quietly out of the ranks of the workers, if only he might feel that the work he had wrought would go on.

## The Everlasting Memorial

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Up and away, like the dew of the morning,  
Soaring from earth to its home in the sun,  
So let me steal away, gently and lovingly,  
Only remembered by what I have done.

My name and my place and my tomb, all forgotten,  
The brief race of time well and patiently run,  
So let me pass away, peacefully, silently,  
Only remembered by what I have done.

Gladly away from this toil would I hasten,  
Up to the crown that for me has been won ;  
Unthought of by man in rewards or in praises—  
Only remembered by what I have done.

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Needs there the praise of the love-written record,  
The name and the epitaph graved on the stone ?  
The things we have lived for,—let them be our story,  
We ourselves but remembered by what we have done.

I need not be missed, if my life has been bearing  
(As its summer and autumn moved silently on)  
The bloom, and the fruit, and the seed of its season ;  
I shall still be remembered by what I have done.

I need not be missed, if another succeed me,  
To reap down those fields which in spring I have sown;  
He who plowed and who sowed is not missed by the reaper,  
He is only remembered by what he has done.

Not myself, but the truth that in life I have spoken,  
Not myself but the seed that in life I have sown,  
Shall pass on to ages ; all about me forgotten,  
Save the truth I have spoken, the things I have done.

So let my living be, so be my dying ;  
So let my name lie, unblazoned, unknown;  
Unpraised and unmissed, I shall still be remembered ;  
Yes,—but remembered by what I have done.



